

The Married-womans Case:

O R

Good Counsell to Mayds, to be carefull of hasty Marriage, by the
example of other Married-women.

To the tune of

The Married-mans Case.



Maids all, that are willing to wed,
before you are we'l advised,
Be not too much hasty to the marriage bed,
lest the shates be too dearely prized:
Sence to try before you doe trust,
Any lone not but onyl for lust;
Take their pore wifes to haape at a cruf:
thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
thus a poore woman that's marry'd.

Thus Engle has little to care for,
Ent any wret'e project'd; (sore
ly comys incethen a her-
all to be batee:
at rest,
he possesse;
udge at the best:
marry'd, is marry'd,
e's marry'd.

rich man,
ton,
he can,
:
g and his shooes,
flety refuse,
chuse:
, is marry'd,
y'd.

A woman hat marries a quarrelling Coxcombe,
hath cause enough to o'stake her:
For whenk'd the alehouse he bringeth a for home,
hee' kunde some occasion to base her:
She selome shall goe without her face blache,
She shall not want blache, though vtille she lacke,
Although from a man he'll perhaps turne his bache:
And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.
Thus liues a poore woman that's marry'd.

Not only at home ha's ginen to quarrell,
but also to other places:
Where now and then, to his wonderfull perill,
he makes with knockes and disgraces;
And then his pore wife his Surgeon must bee,
To cure his infirmitie ready is shee;
Yet for her endeavour ingratefull is hee:
And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.
Thus liues a poole woman that's marry'd.

A woman that to a whore-monger is wed,
is in a most desperate case:
She scarce dares performe her dutie in bed,
With one of condition so base: (flos.
Hos sometimes hee's bitten with Turribull-frost
The Pox, or some other infectious disease;
And yet, to her perill, his mind she must please:
Oh, thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.
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THE CUPID AND CLOVING CHAMBER

The second part,



To the same tune.



A Woman that marries a drunken sof,
must look for no competent living;
For he all the day will sit at the Pot,
and never takes thought for thinning:
From Alehouse to Alehouse all day he will come,
While she sits with bread and faire water at home;
What ever he gets, he giveth her none:
And thus lives a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
Thus lives a poore woman that's marry'd.

And if she haue children, her grieve is the more,
to bear them complayne for vittle,
While their wretched father ith' Alehouse doth roze,
and thinkes of their want but little:
To many such husbands there be, the Lord knowes,
That will haue good liquoy, how ere the world goes:
But he that has such a one, needs no moare woes:
Yet thus lives a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.
Oh, thus lives a woman that's marry'd.

A woman that is to a gamster espoused,
her care is to be laundress:
For he from his gaming can hardly by rouzed,
by any meane can be immentred:
He's either at Side christ, at Tables or Dice,
Where while he sits wishing it; Hazard and Dice,
His money consumed away with a thrice:
And thus lives a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.
Oh, thus lives a woman that's marry'd.

As long as his pur'e with monies is in'd,
he never ha' power to giv'e ouer;
And if he haue lost, tis still in his mind,
that he shall his losses recouer:

And thus night and day with vaine follo' his led
and walls what shold mainte in his house hold with
Who oft are constrain'd to goe fasting to bed. (year)
And thus lives a woman that's marry'd. &c.

A woman who's ty'de to a Jealone ass,
is a flane to his doubtful condition:
She hardly dares looke any man in the face,
but still it produceth suspition;
He marketh her steps with so watchfull an eye,
And though she all basenesse hath lesse and leas,
Yet he dreams of hornes, when he knowes no eare.
And thus lives a woman that's marry'd. &c. (whye)

And thus it is difficult, doe what you can,
a perfect god husband to light on:
Then let no faire Maiden be in love with a man
that she hath but onely set sight on:
For marriage must not be accounted a toy,
One houre brings much sorrowe o'er too:
Then do not (sweet Damsels) your fortunes
By being too hasty of marriage, of mariage,
Thinke first how to live when y'are marry'd.

And thus Ie conclude, as I began,
With this friendly admonition:
Let no woman ha' desirably marry a man,
before she has tri'de his condition:
For time will bring every action to believ,
And t'ye whether Lovers be faultlesse or true:
And thus, gentle Maidens I bid you aften;
Desiring you well so be marry'd, be marry'd,
Or else may you never be marry'd. *Folio 217.*

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